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than the assiduous cultivation of their vices. How far the princess dowager was to blame for the errors of her children we will not take it upon us to say. Her own life was by no means a fortunate one. Married under the expectation of ascending the British throne, she was suddenly deprived of all those prospects by her husband's death before he could come to the crown. The rest of her days were passed with a stigma resting upon her character, which made her name a byword of reproach throughout the nation while she lived, and which has left a cloud over her memory to this day. With her death, which took place early in 1772, the present volumes terminate ; of course, the American War is not embraced in the period of which they treat.

On the whole, Walpole's contribution to the history of Great Britain will not be without its value ; but whoever reads it must make great allowances for his habitual acrimony, and for his bitter personal enmities, the offspring of his prejudices and his passions. The character of no individual, male or female, should be estimated by his unsupported testimony. With much truth that will be found confirmed by the relations of others, there is enough of error proved to have been committed by him to render his narrative alone, even though guarded by the labors of both his editors, by no means a perfectly safe guide.

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ART. II. — *Michelet's History of France*. Translated by G. H. SMITH, F. G. S. New York : Appleton & Co. Vol. I. 1846. 8vo.

EVERY student of history knows that a few periods only are worthy of careful and continued attention ; if these are well understood, the times between them are also ; but if they remain in darkness, the whole tale of the world's doings remains a puzzle and a mystery. And this is equally true, whether we read for mere amusement, or to learn the principles of national growth, or to become acquainted with the heroes and the monsters of our race. Hampdens and Washingtons appear at such epochs ; and at such also come into view the Mirabeaus, the Robespierres, and the Benedict Ar-

nolds, to show us how vast a depth of evil lies in us. But in studying such periods, we are apt to fall into the error of dwelling chiefly upon the rapid and violent changes which close them, rather than upon the quiet, mighty agencies which brought those changes to pass. Among all the histories of the French Revolution that have been written, we do not know of one which clearly, fully, and vividly traces, from the time of Louis the Fourteenth, those influences which caused the final outburst, and also those which gave to that outburst its peculiar character. Even the development of the causes of our own Revolution has not been attempted, independent of the various colonial affairs which had little or no connection with it. It is usual, indeed, to preface the account of any great change by a view of things before the change took place ; and occasionally by a statement of all that has happened since man was created ; or even, as in the case of Professor Rafinesque's *Annals*, prefixed to Marshall's *History of Kentucky*, by a suggestion of various matters which took place long before Adam was fashioned from clay ; but in most such cases, the introduction is hurried, vague, and unimpressive. We may notice, as examples of what we mean, the account drawn up by Scott, and that given by Alison, of France before the meeting of the States General in 1789. But the error of which we speak as common among historical students is especially seen, we think, in the almost total neglect of the period in which the feudal yielded to the monarchical spirit, and when, though without volcano-bursts, the religious, moral, social, political, and industrial state of Western Europe underwent so vast a change. To speak of that period as a whole, except in the most general, and therefore most useless manner, would evidently be beyond the limits of a review ; but we may, perhaps, turn the thoughts and inquiries of some of our readers to the era in question, by an account of one who bore a leading, though unconscious, part in changing the government of baronial force and priestly rule for that of regal law. We refer to Louis the Ninth, St. Louis, the champion of the Church, who yet undermined her power ; the respecter of all feudal rights and obligations, who nevertheless destroyed the life of feudalism.

Louis was born April 25, 1215. It was in the midst of the war against the Albigenes. A week before his birth,

his father, prince of France, followed by bishops, counts, and knights innumerable, reached Lyons on his way to Languedoc, through which devoted land he marched unresisted, levelling, as he went, the walls of Toulouse and Narbonne. Six weeks after the birth of St. Louis, John of England met his barons at Runnymede, and grudgingly gave them their Magna Charta. Seven months after his birth, Innocent the Third, under whom the theocracy founded by Hildebrand attained its height, met the fourth Lateran Council, the most numerous of the ancient assemblies of the Western Church, and among whose seventy canons was that which for the first time made confession obligatory. When Louis had lived through thirteen months, his father, who had passed to England, claiming its crown, was feasting among the barons of John, and listening to the shouts of welcome sent up by the citizens of London. A few months more, and the little boy, scarce two years old, was but learning his earliest prayers at the knees of Blanche of Castile when his father's reverses began; and Blanche heard that her husband was worsted in England, and condemned at Rome. The old, unscrupulous Philip Augustus dared not aid his suffering son, so hard did the priests threaten; but the young, devout, priest-led Blanche was not to be led or driven, when all that was dear to her was at stake; she gathered her knights, provided her vessels, and sent her reinforcements to the aid of her lord; but, alas! even then English seamen were to be feared, and Blanche's little fleet was defeated, and the prince was obliged to surrender.

And now had Louis reached his ninth year; gentle, thoughtful, and filled with a sense of duty, such as rarely falls to the share of human beings, and especially to those of regal education, the little boy grew up under the influence of his mother's devotional, but independent spirit. In July of that year, 1223, his grandfather Philip died, and the claimant of the English throne, under the name of Louis the Lion, became monarch of France, and our young saint his heir-apparent. Louis the Lion was by no means worthy of his name, which was, in truth, not given him from any supposed resemblance to the king of beasts, nor even through flattery, but was bestowed upon him just before his death, to help in the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy. He was weak in body, mind, and soul, and far more truly priest-ridden than

either his wife or son, though far less pious than either. And yet in him were united for the first time the races of Capet and Charlemagne; and as the streets of Paris after his consecration, hung as they were with the richest cloths and most beautiful garlands, resounded to the songs of Troubadours and the music of the dancers, men felt they knew not what strange hope of a king who should be one indeed; not a suzerain only, but a sovereign; a follower of the great Charles, as well as his descendant; a monarch who would curb the cruel power of the barons, and enable the honest and industrious to live in peace. Alas for their hopes! The first request made by his barons to the new king was for a discharge of all the debts which they owed the Jews, the money-lenders, and their request was granted. For three years Louis the Lion reigned, quarrelling with and conquering the English and the Albigeois; and died, at length, of a fever resulting from the fatigues and exposures of his last campaign against the heretics of the South. St. Louis was not yet quite twelve years old. It did not require much sagacity to foresee that a regency of nine years would try the value and strength of those additions which Philip Augustus and his predecessors had made to the kingly power. The claims of the late monarchs were by no means pleasing to the turbulent feudal nobles, and Louis and Blanche saw no less plainly than the barons that the minority of their son would be a time of contest. The last acts of the expiring king, with a view to the future, were to bind all about him by an oath to obey and consecrate his son as their monarch, and to confide him to the care of his mother.

Blanche was at Paris when she heard of the death of her husband. She felt strong in her self-confidence that it was necessary not only that she should have the education of her son in her hands, but also that she should have the regency of the kingdom; and yet the fact that she was a Spaniard was as much against her as her sex, in the eyes of the French nobility; so that she knew her chance of being what she wished was small, unless secured by management. On two men of influence she believed she could rely, the papal legate, and Thibaud, Count of Champagne. The latter was one of the most noted men of the day, as well as the most powerful vassal of the crown. A poet, a knight, a gallant, and a determined upholder of his feudal rights, he had quar-

relled with the late king, nay, was even by the lovers of scandal in later times openly accused of having procured his death, and yet was looked to by his widow as one in whom she might trust for support. It is hard to say why this was so. The students of Paris, who in after days hated Thibaud and Blanche both, attributed it to a criminal passion ; but the tale is clearly unsupported. It may have been that the queen knew the vanity and the weakness of the count, and felt sure that he would desert the barons as soon as he could serve his own purposes better by doing so. Certain it is, that he was weak enough to make men think him wicked. He had already, before the king's death, bound himself to Peter Mauclerc of Brittany, the Count de la Marche, step-father of Henry the Third of England, and others, to uphold the rights of the feudal vassals against the growing power of the crown. He was not present at the consecration of the young king ; indeed, the king's uncle, Philip the Rude, threatened to have the gates of Rheims shut in his face if he appeared before them, so insulting had been his conduct to the late monarch ; and he was regarded as the chief of the malcontents. He even went so far as to collect men and arms, as if he intended open rebellion. Then, suddenly, to the astonishment of all but the queen, Thibaud left the party of the nobles, and at Tours, in February, 1227, did homage to the king, and became his true subject and defender. And he needed a defender ; Philip the Rude probably meant to make himself regent at a fitting opportunity, and with him upon the one hand, and Philip " the evil clerk " of Brittany upon the other, poor Blanche and her young saint would have been close beset. By her alliance with the Count of Champagne, therefore, she secured a powerful friend, and only drove into open enmity a secret foe. The discontented nobles, finding themselves thus weakened by the desertion of Thibaud, resolved upon seizing the person of the young king, and withdrawing him from his mother's influence ; and in an attempt which they made to do so they might have succeeded, had not the burghers of Paris, who justly dreaded the power of the great lords, flocked out to Montlhery, where Louis then was, with arms in their hands, and borne him with shouts and songs to his capital. It was an incident to affect the mind of a child like Louis ; his barons, his peers, were seeking to imprison him, to tear

him from the mother whom he so much loved and revered, and the common people rose and became his deliverers.

From that time Blanche remained in substance, if not in name, the regent of the kingdom ; and woman and foreigner as she was, she ruled it as no native-born man-monarch had ever done. But she did not govern without opposition. The whole baronial power stood antagonist to her and her supporter, Thibaud. Against him they warred, on the pretence that he was the murderer of Louis the Lion ; and in 1229 they ravaged his county of Champagne, and raised up a counter claimant to all his estates. In 1230, worn out and defeated, he was forced to take refuge in Paris, and to bind himself to go upon the crusade, as a kind of expiation for his alleged, but never proved or acknowledged, crime of king-killing. He was a strange man, this Troubadour count, and the influence of Blanche over him was also strange. Before his defeat above referred to, the barons had tried to bribe him back to their party, and old Peter, the priest-hater of Brittany, had agreed to give him, as a third wife, his daughter. Thibaud entered into an agreement to rejoin them. The marriage-day was fixed, the bride was decked, the priest ready, when the groom, already on his way to the altar, received a note from Blanche requiring him to abandon the plan and break off the proposed alliance ; and, without a moment's hesitation, he obeyed. But though the regent had the Duke of Brittany and all his friends in the North to contend with, she was by no means unobservant of the opportunity which offered itself in the South to add greatly to the royal power ; and after forwarding the persecutions in Languedoc, through 1228, she succeeded, by a treaty made the following April, in securing to the crown the ultimate possession of that beautiful land. Raymond the Seventh, by the terms of that treaty, gave up his kingdom, and his daughter paid to the crown twenty thousand marks of silver, broke down the walls and filled the ditches which defended Toulouse, destroyed the fortifications of thirty other towns and strongholds, bound his subjects by oath to take arms against him if he shrunk from the conditions of the treaty, and bound himself to do battle with the Count de Foix and others, his old friends and allies. The volume of the history of Languedoc closes with the seventh Raymond.

Nor was Blanche, while thus successful in the South, less fortunate in her contest with Peter the Breton, whom, in 1231, she brought to terms, and so closed her civil wars, having placed the monarchy of France on a firmer basis than it had rested upon for two centuries and a half ; for to be unresisted under a woman-regent was more than to be bowed to under Philip Augustus. From that time until 1236, when Louis reached his twenty-first year, the internal history of the kingdom is nearly a blank.

And with the majority of St. Louis little or no change took place in the affairs of France, although there commenced a more general stir in those of Europe at large. It was the midst of the contest between the second Frederick of Germany, and Honorius the Third, Gregory the Ninth, and Innocent the Fourth. The second of these prelates then occupied the papal throne, a stern, fearless old man of ninety years, whom reverses could not vanquish, but only kill, — a worthy opponent of the strong-minded monarch of Germany. In 1227, within six months after the time of his elevation to the papacy, Gregory had excommunicated Frederick, because he did not depart, as was expected, on the crusade ; in 1228, the monarch was denounced anew, because, unforgiven, he dared to set sail for the Holy Land, and fight for the Holy Sepulchre. The Templars, Hospitallers, and Teutonic knights were called on to oppose this wilful champion of Christendom. Jerusalem, because he obtained possession of it, was laid under an interdict, and the fearless emperor was forced to crown himself, no priest daring even to say mass. Returning to Italy, Frederick wrung a repeal of the excommunication from Gregory by force of arms ; but the bitter blood was not sweetened. In 1239, the pope again launched his thunderbolt, and the war of extermination went on, until the successes of his antagonist laid the worn head of the Church, now ninety-four years old, upon his bed of death, in 1241.

Meanwhile, in 1237, came Baldwin, the Latin claimant of the throne of Constantinople, with the true Crown of Thorns in its casket under his arm, asking for money to aid him in recovering his kingdom. For a time he contrived to obtain assistance from certain Venetian money-lenders, with whom he placed the relic as collateral security ; but he was not satisfied to leave it thus, and wished to prevail upon some



pious monarch to purchase his treasure. France already possessed one undoubted original of the same relic ; but Blanche and Louis were given to the feelings of the times, and the young king readily agreed to the proposition of the displaced emperor. One difficulty at first, however, seemed insurmountable ;— to deal in relics, by the rules of the Church, was simony. But there were clever heads and hair-splitting advocates then, no less than now, and it was soon seen that all trouble would be avoided by this simple contrivance. Baldwin should present the Crown to his pious friend Louis as a free gift and gage of love ; while the French monarch, not to be outdone in generosity, should, out of pure affection, bestow upon the somewhat needy emperor such a sum of money as would be a fair equivalent. In December, 1238, two Dominicans started with full purses for Constantinople,\* there to exchange presents ; and, returning after six months' absence, met, in the heat of August, the pious king of France dressed in a simple tunic, or shirt, and barefooted, walking out from Paris to receive and carry upon his own shoulders the inestimable gift of Baldwin to the cathedral of Notre Dame. It was a sight to be noted, and most characteristic of the day, that procession of bishops and nobles, common people and children, all uncovered and with bare feet, chanting litanies as they followed their saintly king, with his long locks and bended head, bearing, in company with his brother Robert, the chest of the Sacred Crown.

But soon affairs of wider interest and a more stirring character than the reception of relics, and the building of chapels to contain them, were presented to the mind of the son of Blanche. In 1227, Genghiz Khan died ; before 1237, all Europe was troubled by the fear of the new swarm from Central Asia, which was fast inundating Russia, Poland, Hungary, and already with angry murmurs hovered on the confines of the Empire. The Saracens, most exposed to the devouring hosts of Tartars, sent embassies to Christendom to ask aid against a common foe ; the Old Man of the Mountain by his messengers offered fraternity to the rulers of France and England. On all sides was great trembling, but from none came signs of success to the West. Frederick called on his fellow-monarchs to aid him ; but they were

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\* Or Venice ; see Gibbon.

deaf; and his old enemy, the pope, never ceased to denounce and condemn him. The politicians of England and France refused any help to the Saracens, or the Christians of the East; as to the infidels, they said, "Let the dogs worry and kill one another"; for their brethren they could afford to pray, but by no means to fight, and day by day the Tartar hordes came on. But as yet the sound of their coming was distant. Blanche, indeed, heard it, and wept, lest all the faithful were to be borne from the earth. "Courage, my mother," said her son; "if we conquer, we drive these wretches to perdition; if the victory is theirs, they but open heaven's gates for us."

Other sounds, and nearer, of trouble and confusion drew, for a time, the thoughts of Louis from the enemies of his faith. The old feudal spirit was dormant, not dead, and Louis was called upon to renew the contest which his mother had waged during his boyhood. It was in the spring or summer of 1241 that Louis invited his nobles of the West to meet him at Saumur in Anjou, where he wished to present to them his brother Alphonso, who had married the daughter of Raymond the Seventh, and whom the king proposed to invest with the counties of Poitou and Auvergne. The monarch was not unaware of the feeling which prevailed among the Western barons in favor of the claims of England to that portion of his dominions. Philip Augustus had gained by force or diplomacy much of that country to the French crown; and the English affirmed, that, when Louis the Lion was caught in their island, as in a mouse-trap, in 1217, he had sworn, as one condition of his release, to restore all his father's conquests in Poitou and thereabouts. When, therefore, the Lion's son met at Saumur old Peter the priest-hater of Brittany, with his heir, and the Count de la Marche, whose wife was mother to the king of England, with others of doubtful sentiments, we may be assured that he looked round upon his guests, as they sat solemn in their silks and cloths of gold, with some uneasiness. Not that Louis was a coward; no braver heart ever beat; but he said to himself, as he looked forward to the prospect of a civil war to grow out of the investiture he proposed to make, — "Perhaps my father took that oath of restitution, and I am bringing on bloodshed by upholding injustice." Sad and doubting, the conscientious king sat in the midst of

his black-browed peers. The feasting at Saumur was over at length, and all took horse for Poitiers, where his brother was to receive his counties; and the homage of his vassals. Among these vassals was Hugh de la Marche, and he, like Louis, rode sad and doubting. But by degrees his doubts cleared up, and he determined on flat rebellion. Too weak to come to blows at once, but resolved never to acknowledge Alphonso as his suzerain, and in due time to assert the alleged rights of the English monarch, he left Louis, assembled his followers, and, stationing himself at his château of Lusignan, offered no violence, but effectually prevented, by his show of force, the king's return from Poitiers to Paris. Louis the Saint found himself trapped, as his father had been in England; one by one, all his nobles left him; and after a fortnight's forced stay at Poitiers, he was obliged to make terms of some kind with his vassal, in order to get home again. It was clear that feudalism was not yet dead.

Had any doubt as to that fact remained, however, it would have been impossible to question it after the following Christmas. At that epoch, Alphonso, young and hopeful, Count of Poitou and Auvergne, and in his wife's right presumptive heir to the beautiful domains of Toulouse, called together his vassals at his capital, Poitiers, to hold high festival, and complete the solemn act of feudal investiture. From far and near men and women flocked to the ancient capital of the Pictones; its crooked, steep streets were filled with vine-dressers from the borders of the Vienne, with nobles and squires, dames and damsels, clerks and monks. The great cathedral, which had been two centuries in progress, and was nearly completed, echoed the solemn music of the season; in the Gothic castle all was preparing for feast and merriment. Alphonso received, as they arrived, knight and baron, and to each assigned his dwelling, already prepared at the expense of the new count, who was to pay all costs. And among the rest came Hugh de la Marche and Isabel his wife, mother of England's weak monarch; they, too, were welcome, — especially so, perhaps, as their coming seemed to promise all harmony, and with due honor and ceremonious respect were they received. Gloomy still, but in no degree doubting, was the great vassal of Alphonso. Since his secession, after the meeting at Saumur, he had employed his time well. Silently messengers had passed from

him to England, — to Navarre, over which Blanche's friend, the Troubadour Count Thibaud of Champagne was then king, — to Toulouse, where Raymond sat in smothered anger, ready enough to war against his daughter's husband or any one else, — and over the Pyrenees, through the autumn-snows, to the kings of Aragon and Castile. Bonds holding them all together, in opposition to the king of France, had been silently knit while the leaves were falling ; and now, when the bare branches glittered like silver with the hoar-frost, the lord of La Marche had come to defy his superior in the first flush of his pride, and before the face of all his vassals. The day for rendering the act of homage was at hand ; — “ To-morrow, and the ceremony which assures me my rank and counties is complete ” ; — so thought Alphonso, as he passed from group to group in the public place by the castle. But why these groups gathering toward nightfall in these short December days ? If Alphonso asked that question within himself, a quick reply came from without. Hugh de la Marche stands before him, a page holding his battle-horse ; near by, Isabel sits upon her palfrey, amid armed retainers. “ I have been deceived,” says the haughty vassal, in his most arrogant tone ; “ never, never, I swear to you, will I hold myself your man. Against all right you have usurped this county of Poitou, the birthright of Richard of Cornwall, who has been fighting for you in Palestine while you have been robbing him here.” Turning on his heel without more words, he sprang into his saddle, struck the spurs into his steed, and, rejoining his wife, rode toward the southern gate. Alphonso stood stupefied ; he was recalled to his senses by the bursting of flames from the house where the rebel had been lodged ; he had fired it in the moment of departure. The young noble saw in the conflagration a symbol of coming war. War, indeed, was already declared by the act of the Count de la Marche.

That war occupied the next year. We need not enter into its details, although it was the last of the feudal wars ; it is enough to say that Hugh de la Marche was forced on his knees to beg forgiveness ; that Henry, the Incapable, of England, was utterly worsted, and nearly taken prisoner ; and that the Spanish kings attended to their own affairs, leaving their neighbour Raymond to shift for himself, which he did, by submission. The gentle French monarch dealt

with his rebels as leniently when conquered, as he had vigorously when in arms. From Raymond he required only adherence to Blanche's treaty of 1229 ; and when his lords wished him to put to death De la Marche's son, who was taken prisoner while commanding at Fontenay, his answer was, " No ; he has done no wrong in obeying his father." There is another anecdote of this war worthy of remembrance. Richard of Cornwall, brother to Henry the Third, and son of Isabella of La Marche, had done good service to some French knights in Palestine. During the reverses of Henry, he sent his brother, dressed in his Palestine pilgrim's dress, and with a staff in place of a sword, to ask of Louis a cessation of hostilities. When the French knights, many of whom had been in the Holy Land, heard that Cornwall was thus approaching their camp, the memory of his gallantry came strongly on their hearts ; and in the truest spirit of chivalry, they went out to the verge of the English lines, and received as an honored guest the brother and son of their leading enemies, formed an escort for him, and brought him to the throne of their monarch. He, too, forgot the foe in the crusader, took the prince by the hand, treated him as a brother, and granted the armistice requested.

St. Louis, as we have said, by this war of 1242 finished those contests of the crown with its vassals which had been going on since the time of his ancestor, Louis the Fat. But it was not by warfare that he was to aid in breaking down the strongholds of feudalism. The vassals might have been beaten time and again, and yet the *spirit* of feudalism, still surviving, would have raised up new champions to contend against the crown. St. Louis struck at the spirit of the Middle Age, and therein insured the downfall of its forms and whole embodiment. He fought the last battles against feudalism, because, by a surer means than battling, he took, and unconsciously, the life-blood from the opposition to the royal authority. Unconsciously, we say ; he did not look on the old order of things as evil, and try to introduce a better ; he did not selfishly contend for the extension of his own power ; he was neither a great reformer, nor a (so-called) wise king. He undermined feudalism, because he hated injustice ; he warred with the Middle Age, because he could not tolerate its disregard of human rights ; and he

paved the way for Philip-le-Bel's struggle with the papacy, because he looked upon religion and the church as instruments for man's salvation, not as tools for worldly aggrandizement. He is, perhaps, the only monarch on record who failed in most of what he undertook of active enterprise, who was under the control of the prejudices of his age, who was a true conservative, who never dreamed of effecting great social changes,—and who yet, by his mere virtues, his sense of duty, his power of conscience, made the mightiest and most vital reforms.

One of these reforms was the abolition of the trial by combat. Soon after the Poitou war, when poor old De la Marche, his gray locks bowed to the dust, was moaning his folly and his fortune, one of his vassals, who had sworn deadly enmity to him, accused the old man of unknown felonies, and dared him to the combat. His son wished to fight in his stead; but the ungenerous Alphonso insisted upon the appearance of his ancient enemy and insult-er, in person. Against this sentence there was one cry of protest, and Louis, whose attention was called to the matter, interfered, and forbade the contest.

But though the king, as we have said, was the conqueror in his Poitou campaign, he returned from that region an invalid. A great part of his army had been made unwell by want of proper food, by foul air, and impure water. The king himself passed from one phase of disease to another, until at length, in November, 1244, a dysentery settled upon him. Sick, and each day more sick,—from mouth to mouth, from town to town, the sad news spread. The churches echoed with the prayers and vows of priests and people, pleading for their king; for their noble, just, sympathizing king. Around Pontoise, where the sufferer lay, were knots of country folks, and of Parisians who had walked out so far,—all busy with the same sad questioning. No good news for them; sick, and each day more sick,—so the word goes. And at last they say he is dead. Men look heavenward; where is there hope for them now, unless in heaven? Then comes a rumor that the tale was not true, and the monarch lives. Again comes a rumor that he is not only living, but has assumed the cross. How was it? Let us see what Joinville relates, and imagine the little points he omits. The sickness grew ever worse, he tells us,

and no hope was left. Just breathing, the good king lay, wasted in body, resigned and fearless in soul. In his clear, calm mind he revolved, as we guess, the progress of the infidel arms, the neglect and deadness of Christendom on behalf of the land of Jesus. In his sick chamber, in subdued tones, they talked of the Tartar conquests, and of the barbarities of the Karismians in Palestine ; — the sick man heard, but spoke not. They spoke to him, and he could not answer ; scarce any pulse, scarce any breath ; his kind eyes closed ! so he lies, sinking away. Blanche, his mother, and Margaret, his wife, worn with watching and weeping, have left him to the two hired nurse-women. One of them from time to time bends over him ; more and more deathlike grows his calm countenance ; the smile of the departing soul hovering there, not yet fixed. “ Does he live still ? ” reverently asks the other waiting-woman. The more eager of the two, who has been impatiently watching for the moment of death, listens, touches his wrist, holds a morsel of down to his nostrils, clasps her hands, and with upturned eyes answers, “ Alas ! it is all over.” Her companion springs to the bedside, holds back the sheet with which the first would have covered his face, and tries in her turn to discover how life and death stand within him ; patiently she listens, and patiently she presses his arm, — stands a moment, her pallid lips parted, then cries with swimming lids, “ He lives, and *will* live to confound the enemies of the Lord.” His vital power, just at the ebb, begins to swell again as he heard, in his living-death trance, her glad cry, her bold prophecy ; his heart beats stronger, his lungs play again ; by and by his voice comes, and his first words are, “ Bring me the red cross.” The last of the crusaders assumes the badge of his Master !

It is not our purpose to follow Louis either in his first or second crusade. If the great work of his life was not to be done by fighting at home, still less was it to be accomplished by battles in Egypt or Tunis. His mission was other and greater than he dreamed of, and his service to Christendom was wholly unlike that which he proposed to himself. Of his Eastern labors and sufferings we can give but the leading dates, with here and there an anecdote worthy of recollection, as illustrating either the character of the man or of his times. In November, 1244, he took the cross ; but it was

June of 1248 before he was able to leave Paris to embark upon his cherished undertaking. During the interval, he labored unceasingly to rouse all Europe to the necessity of union on behalf of the Holy Land, and in opposition to the infidels, who threatened, unless met by united Christendom, to plant their horse-tails upon the cathedrals of Paris and of Rome. He even, by what we should call a trick, enlisted his nobles as crusaders, and the act is worthy of notice as illustrating the moral tone of the age ; for, be it remembered, it was the act of one of the most truthful and conscientious of men. At Christmas it was usual for the king to give to the gentles in his service new dresses. Louis invited his followers to meet him on that day at an early mass before it was yet light. They came willingly, and each as he entered received a dress at the door, given in the king's name, and which he was requested to wear at the ceremony. All of course complied. On bended knees, with bowed heads, around the altar, they listened to the services of the church, in the dim waxen twilight. By and by the rays of the morning struggled through the darkness and the censer-smoke, and for the first time friend looked toward, and smiled on, friend. And in all faces there was surprise ; some looked blank, some fearful, some merry ; what meant all this dumb show ? It meant this. On each shoulder stood, indelible, the red cross. And as the secret became evident, and they awoke to the truth, that, with their new cloaks, the pious monarch had bound them to the crusade, anger, grief, trouble, joy, and wonder, in varied combinations, spoke from the silent faces of the group of courtiers, in the midst of whom stood silently the grave, calm, kindly king.

But of all the efforts which Louis was called on to make in order to bring about the desired union of Christendom, the most difficult and the least successful was his attempt to reconcile the emperor of Germany, who was a kind of royal Luther, with the unforgiving Innocent the Fourth, who, after a long vacancy of the papal throne, had succeeded to Gregory the Ninth. Innocent was a man of capacity and immense stubbornness. The contest between pope and emperor was such that nothing but death could end it ; they had been friends, but now were foes ; and what enmity so deadly as that between old comrades ? In December, 1250, Frederick died ; and the head of the church, then at Lyons,



whither he had been driven in the struggle, returned to Rome, singing hymns of joy, and at once proclaimed a crusade, not against Turks or Tartars, but against the successor of his ancient enemy.

Meanwhile, in France, all was made ready for the departure of the champions of the cross. But their chief was destined to be yet farther tried. With ceaseless sighs and prayers, his mother and wife beset him, telling him his mind was disturbed at the moment he took the vow to go to Palestine, and that he was no more bound thereby. Gently the pious king replied to their urgency; but still they urged their suit that he would stay, and brought the bishop of Paris to support their pleas. "It may be so," said Louis mildly. Hope glowed in their affectionate, unheroic eyes. "I was not in a state to act wisely, you say." "You were not, surely." "Behold, then, I tear my cross from my shoulder." They leaped for joy. "And am I now well? Can I judge wisely now?" "Most wisely, beloved son and lord." "Well, then,"—and we may think the unruffled monarch could scarce suppress a smile, though his peace-loving eyes kindled with the hope of yet warring for God,— "well, then, I now resume the cross;—and no food shall pass my lips till I am bound anew sworn soldier of my Lord."

On the twenty-fifth of August, 1248, the devoted crusader embarked for Cyprus. Having passed the winter there, on the fifth of June, 1249, he landed in Egypt, which was to be conquered before Palestine could be safely attacked. On the seventh of June, Damietta was entered, and there the French slept and feasted, wasting time, strength, and money, until the twentieth of the following November. Then came the march southward; the encampment upon the Nile; the terrors of the Greek fire; the skirmishes which covered the plain with dead; the air heavy with putridity and pestilence; the putrid water; the fish fat with the flesh of the dead; sickness, weakness, retreat, defeat, captivity. On the sixth of April, 1250, Louis and his followers were prisoners to the Mussulmans; Louis might have saved himself, but would not quit his followers; he had been faithful thus far, and would be till death. And when he had procured his freedom, he would not yet leave the East for his own land. He thought of the prisoners in the hands of the

Mamelukes, he remembered the Christians of the Holy Land, and determined to remain where he could best serve the suffering. On the eighth of May, 1250, Louis was a freeman, and it was not until the twenty-fifth of April, 1254, that he set sail to return to his native shores, where Blanche, who had been regent during his absence, had some months since yielded up her breath.

On the seventh of September, he entered Paris, sad and worn. All met him with joy and honor, but with eyes abased he walked without a smile through the streets of his capital. Ten years had passed, and what had been done? Poor king! bowed with self-reproaches, he little knew that during those ten years he had done, though none saw it, and he knew nothing of it, a vast work, — a work to make his reign ever memorable; he had founded a throne in the hearts of his subjects, and had made himself, through their affections, omnipotent as the leader of the great crusade against the abuses of the Middle Age. Every wounded knight that had come from Egypt, every freed captive, every soldier that retired from service, had told with enthusiasm of the sanctity and the humanity of their king. A knight, a devotee, a kind and just man, he met at one point or another the wishes and prejudices of every class; but especially, by his sympathy with the masses, and his readiness to consider their generally neglected welfare and rights, he won upon the body of his people, and laid the foundation for that strong feeling which not only led at last to his canonization, but made every ordinance of his life at once bind them as subjects, and control them as the word of a true hero. The shepherd-crusade of 1251, which had degenerated into a mere rabble-swarm of thieves and rogues, began in a love for the captive monarch; and the feeling which prompted that hasty and evil movement, a feeling in favor of Louis, as a contrast, if not an antagonist, to the proud, luxurious, and selfish prelates and nobles, continued after his return from captivity. And scarce had he landed, before he began that course of legislation which continued until once more he embarked upon the crusade.

In captivity, under suffering, treated with imperfect justice, and at the mercy of tyrannical masters, we may easily believe that Louis had revolved in his mind once and again the injustice done in his own realm, and to his own people.

In his lonely hours of distress and sickness, how natural was it for such a soul to conceive of a complete revisal and reform in those judicial processes which he was conscious wrought so much wrong ; and especially, to so true a soul, how natural the determination to begin by righting the wrongs done by himself and his ancestors ! True and noble soul, indeed ! full of prejudices, and superstitions, and errors, it may be ; — but how free from the mass of those errors and evils which beset the men who then breathed, walked, wept, laughed, and did work in the world ! Where shall we look among rulers for a parallel in point of disinterested heroism, unless to our own Washington ?

In his first legislative action, Louis proposed to himself these objects, — to put an end to judicial partiality, to prevent needless and oppressive imprisonment for debt, to stop unfounded criminal prosecutions, and to mitigate the horrors of legalized torture. In connection with these general topics, he made laws to bear oppressively upon the Jews, to punish prostitution and gambling, and to diminish intemperance. And it is worthy of remark, that this last point was to be attained by forbidding innkeepers to sell to any others than travellers, — a measure now (six hundred years later) under discussion in some parts of our Union, with a view to the same end.

But the wish which this rare monarch had to recompense all who had been wronged by himself and forefathers was the uppermost wish of his soul. He felt that to do justice himself was the surest way to make others willing to do it. Commissioners were sent into every province of the kingdom to examine each alleged case of royal injustice, and with power in most instances to make instant restitution. He himself went forth to hear and judge in the neighbourhood of his capital, and as far north as Normandy. The points which weighed mainly, however, on the mind of Louis were not the private wrongs which were to be set aright, but those international difficulties whence grew ceaseless war in Christendom, the victories of the infidels, and scandal to the name of the Prince of Peace. France was embroiled on the one hand with England, on the other with Aragon. Neither of these powers was sufficiently strong to wring any thing from her ; and as to the justice of the matters, both were *Oregon questions*, — each party in the

contest honestly conceived itself to have a clear claim to the disputed territory. Here, then, was a case for heathen patriotism to struggle with Christian justice in the mind of the stronger monarch. It may be they did struggle, but not long. The self-forgetting crusader looked on justice and generosity as nobler virtues than mere heathen patriotism ; he saw, with his heart and conscience, if not his mind, that whoso begins by loving his country more than right will end by loving himself more than his country. With England and with Aragon, during the year 1258, he concluded treaties, in opposition to swarms of wise, selfish advisers, whereby peace and concession were substituted for obstinacy and war.

Such were the first acts of our crusader, when he came to his home once more. Can we wonder that men already, in their speechless hearts, canonized him ? And when, a little after, it was again noised abroad that the king lay deadly ill, and every hour's news were listened for with faces ready to weep, or beam with joy, — how heart-touching to hear men tell one another at the street-corners, and in the butchers' shops, and by the dusty road-side, or in the crisp harvest-field, — how the dear king had called his young heir, now sixteen, to his bedside, and had said to him, — “ Fair son, I pray you to make the people of your kingdom love you ; for I would rather a Scotchman from Scotland should come and govern the people of my realm well and justly, than that you, child of my loins, should rule them in evil.” Poor Louis ! he rose from his sick-bed ; but his son lay down in his stead, and rose no more.

And as he grew yet older, the spirit of generosity grew stronger daily in his bosom. He would have no hand in the affairs of Europe, save to act, wherever he could, as peacemaker. Many occasions occurred where all urged him to profit by power and a show of right, a naked legal title, to possess himself of valuable fiefs ; but Louis shook his head sorrowfully and sternly, and did as his inmost soul told him the law of God directed. And with all this, we say again, he had no spark of radicalism in him ; nay, he was eminently conservative. He revered the old feudal customs, and never, by direct means, warred against them. He wrought in opposition to the *infinite* evils of feudalism, its *God*-antagonism, — not against its *conventional* mischiefs, its

impolicy, and awkward semiorganization. When his friend Joinville, in 1248, would not take the oath taken by those who held directly from the crown, because his immediate lord was the Count of Champagne, Louis may have smiled at the feudal foolery of his faithful follower, but deemed him none the less a friend. Many reformers are like the wolf, which tears the cast-off coat of the flying victim, and loses its prey ; Louis, like all heart-directed Christian laborers for humanity, struck at the living fugitive, not the dead garment that was left behind.

And how did he strike ? We have already referred to his earlier laws on behalf of right ; let us now look farther.

Feudalism rested on physical force. Its gospel was given in three words, — “ Might makes right.” Upon this idea all feudal relations depended, all feudal laws (if we may use such a word) were founded. In a double sense, it was a system of *feuds*. Its legislation rested on arbitrary will ; its judicial proceedings on strong limbs, able to work out the judgments of God ; its executive functions were confided to men-at-arms. The despotism of baronial ignorance and obstinacy, the judicial combat, and private warfare, formed the three divisions of feudal, legal, and political science. Against these Louis the Ninth labored. His clear soul knew that the determinations of the church, from the time of Hildebrand and earlier, against these things were not mere ecclesiastical censures, but were expressions of the deepest feelings of man’s nature. And though the church in practice had fallen far short of the theory of her great leaders on this and countless other points, — though in her bosom, too, were despots, tempters of God, and lovers of blood, — the great truth which lay in the action of those leaders was evident to the seeing eyes of the just monarch of France. In October, 1245, before he went upon his sad Egyptian pilgrimage, he had issued an ordinance, the purpose of which was to counteract the old Germanic, barbarian, and so feudal, feeling, that a wrong done one was not to be revenged by injury to the wrong-doer, but must be washed out by vengeance taken on his innocent kindred. He that slew his brother’s murderer did but take the place of the hangman or headsman ; he must slay one who did not deserve slaying, and so place himself on an equality with the offender. This, within limits, Louis forbade ; if a man must have blood, he should

take the blood of the wrong-doer. Next came a law by which either party liable to be involved in a private warfare might, by going to a feudal superior, prevent the resort to force; the other party, in short, was bound to keep the peace, and if he did not keep it, he was hung. But these steps, though large ones, were not enough to satisfy the conscientious lawmaker; and in January, 1257, by the advice and consent of his council, he utterly forbade all private warfare whatsoever. True, his prohibition did not stop it entirely and at once; but from the moment he promulgated this last edict, we may be sure that all who revered its author, all who loved quiet, all who saw the evils of overruling physical force, all who recognized the immense moral mischief of the old system, united in upholding the ordinance of Louis, and founding the reign of modern law. The husbandman whose corn-fields were trampled to mire, the merchant whose goods roving bands of armed men seized by the way, the mechanic whose shop was searched for arms and accoutrements, the priest who was insulted by the lawless soldiery, the newly seen law-student whose scraps from the Pandects were torn from him by unlettered squires, — all the lower, all the middle, and a large part of the female half of the higher class, — were agreed upon the vital question, “Shall this private redress of wrongs continue?” With one voice they answered, “No”; and though for more than a century the baronial power withstood king, commons, and women, it each day grew weaker, and drew nearer to its last death-struggle.

But the use of force in the executive department was a less evil, and a more manageable one, than its use in courts of justice; and for a plain reason; an all-prevailing superstition sanctioned the latter; the judicial combat was an appeal to God, and in those “ages of faith,” the masses — not the church — smiled on every such appeal. Nor was it superstition and popular feeling alone which upheld the judgment by force of arms; the interest of the armed aristocracy was no less urgent in its support. So long as a good lance, a trusty steed, and a strong arm could insure a man God’s voice in his favor, — that is, so long as might could make right, — all who were trained to the battle-field as their true sphere feared nothing; they dared in any cause meet any one in battle, and the combat was a reference of

all questions to strength and skill. How many lonely nights of prayer, meditation, and heart-sick doubt the kindly Louis spent in Egypt, Syria, and France, considering, with full eyes and damp brow, how he might cure the evil, he was conscious of, not even the faithful Joinville can reveal to us ; they will be numbered in the last day, at the footstool of the Great King. All that we learn is this, that in 1260, not arbitrarily, but as before, by advice and consent of a parliament or council, he forbade peremptorily all use of the "battles of justice" within his own feudal domains, ordaining in their place proof by witnesses. Especially he forbade the battles between a party to the trial and his judge, which in those old feudal times of force served instead of writs of error and bills of exceptions ; and in room thereof, he ordered an appeal or reference of the whole proceedings to the king's own tribunal. These two steps, — the substitution of witnesses in place of an appeal to God by battle between parties, and the creation of an appeal to himself, when either party was dissatisfied with his judge, instead of another call to Heaven, — these two steps, although for the time confined to his own domains, did more to destroy that form of organized barbarism which we call feudalism, than all the contests and victories of Louis the Fat and Philip Augustus. Any baron with a bull's or boar's head could guess who was victor in a listed field ; but when he was set down to read papers (leaving out of view the probability that he could not read at all, and must employ a scribe or lawyer to read for him), — when, we say, this *Front-de-bœuf* was set down to read documents, weigh evidence, split hairs, and logically work out conclusions, his patience could nowise bear the trial, and he was glad enough, like the worthy Mr. Nupkins in *Pickwick*, to refer the whole matter to a Mr. Jinks, a legist, a lawyer, an antibaron, who strove week by week and hour by hour to effect the great work of modern days, — the subordination of physical, brute force to intellectual, human acumen. Will the hour ever come, when both these shall yield to the power of divine goodness ?

Nor was the appeal to the king's court less important than the use of testimony in place of swords and lances. It did, indeed, far more than any thing else to increase the power of the throne, and especially its moral power, its position in the eyes of mankind. We say, more than any thing else ; but

in this we regard the right to declare a case to be a "royal case" as a form of appeal. There had been for some reigns back a growing disposition to refer certain questions to the king's tribunals, as being regal, not baronial, questions. Louis the Ninth gave to this disposition distinct form and value, and, under the influence of the baron-hating legists, he so ordained, in conformity with the Roman law, that, under given circumstances, almost any case might be referred to his tribunal. This, of course, gave to the king's judgment-seat and to him more of influence than any other step ever taken had done. It was, in substance, an appeal of the people from the nobles to the king, and it threw at once the balance of power into the royal hands.

And how did he use this power? Less like a king than a father. Under the oak-trees at Vincennes behold him sitting, — his learned counsellors, Pierre de Fontaines and Geofroy de Vellettes, near by, — waiting rather to arbitrate than judge between those who came to his tribunal. How patiently he listens! How anxiously he examines all proofs! How kindly he points out the middle way, overlooked by both disputants, which will conduct to justice! Can we still wonder that such a man, in such times, was soon to become a saint in the estimation of men? But neither he, nor any other mortal, could perform the whole duty required; and it became necessary to make the occasional sitting of the king's council or parliament, which exercised certain judicial functions, permanent; and to change its composition, by diminishing the feudal and increasing the legal or legist element. Thus everywhere, in the barons' courts, the king's court, and the central parliament, the Roman, legal, organized element began to predominate over the German, feudal, barbaric tendencies, and the foundation-stones of modern society were laid.

But the just soul of Louis and the prejudices of his Romanized counsellors were not arrayed against the old Teutonic barbarism alone, with its endless private wars and judicial duels; they stood equally opposed to the extravagant claims of the Roman hierarchy. Rome had commenced the work of uniting Christendom; had labored, and effectually, against the democracy of nobles, the feudal system; the crusades were the fruit, as chivalry was the flower, of the union between the German element and the church. But



in destroying in some respects feudal disintegration, Rome had left it in other respects untouched ; her strength lay in the disagreements of kings and nobles ; and where she produced union, it was always in subjection, not to Christianity, but to the Western church. The great plans of Hildebrand hinged upon the ultimate omnipotence on earth of the see of St. Peter ; all temporal power must bow to spiritual, and at the head of all spiritual powers in this world was the successor of the great Apostle of the keys. Against this first form of modern unity there had been struggles numberless ; — one familiar to all English readers is the contest of Henry Plantagenet and Thomas à Becket ; — but the first calm, deliberate, consistent opposition to the centralizing power of the great see was that offered by its truest friend and most honest ally, Louis of France. From 1260 to 1268, step by step was taken by the defender of the liberties of the Gallican church, until, in the year last named, he published his “ Pragmatic Sanction,” his response, by advice of his wise men, to the voice of the nation, the Magna Charta of the freedom of the church of France, upon whose vague articles the champions of that freedom could write commentaries, and found claims, innumerable. The provisions of this charter are nowise remarkable ; the fifth protects France to some extent against the exactions of Rome ; but otherwise there was nothing in the Pragmatic Sanction of 1268 which the popes had not time and again countenanced. And yet this ordinance of Louis has been the sheet-anchor of that Gallic independence in ecclesiastical matters which, we suspect, will yet shake off Papacy for Catholicism, and demonstrate that there may be a church free, on the one hand, from sectarianism, on the other, from despotism.

But the legislation of Louis did not stop with antagonism to the feudal system and to the unauthorized claims of the church ; it provided for another great grievance of the Middle Age, that lying and unequal system of coinage which was a poison to honest industry and commercial intercourse. Eighty barons struck money as they pleased, and changed their coinage as the fit took them, or interest prompted. In each barony that coin only was current which the lord had his clipping from. And as alterations of the money were of incalculable evil, and the subjects of each coiner prayed for permanence in the value of each class of pieces, the

lords wisely — as the world goes — took pay from the sufferers as a bribe not to vary the standard, and then — in the same spirit of wisdom — varied it as they pleased, and sweated their pounds very nearly to ounces. These things, evil and unjust, did not escape the eye of our conscientious king. As early as 1247, he began his changes by shutting out foreign coin, and making the royal coin everywhere receivable, and everywhere the standard. Having once assumed this ground, he had only to preserve the king's coin at one unvaried value, and all others were forced to bring their moneys to the same value, or they were driven from the market. By these simple means did the good monarch and his long-headed advisers — a sound heart working by a hundred keen wits — cause, for a time at least, uniformity where had been diversity, make it for the interest of the knavish to become honest, and ultimately secure the general prevalence of the issue from the regal mint, as men found that it never changed, while the baronial money-moulders were for ever striving to overreach their neighbour burghers and the thick-headed Flemish merchants. The old gospel had been, as we have said, “*Might makes right*”; the new commercial glad tidings were fast growing in favor, — the saying, that “*Honesty is the best policy.*” Through thick world-vapors the sun of Christianity comes slowly up.

But among the laws of Louis bearing upon commercial interests were many which would not suit our liberal, free-thinking, free-trade age. His first reforms included, as we have seen, provisions against the Jews; and in after days, Christian-Jews as well, Lombards and others, came under his condemnation. Why? Partly because of the old Jewish provision against usury; partly because Aristotle and the philosophy of the Middle Age forbade the fertility of money; and partly, also, because, in the days of St. Louis, money was not so used by most of those who paid usury as to make it a fair subject of usury. The Jews and Lombards, when money first took its modern omnipotent position, and could no longer be come at by the strong hand, *were* mostly usurers in the worst sense, and wrung “the forfeit of the bond,” though it were the pound of flesh, from the panting, dying debtor, who had at first borrowed but as a means of staving off some earlier leech, some other Shylock.

However, while the feeling of our day will and must protest against Louis's strong provisions in opposition to usury, it is entitled to record its vote in favor of the general tendency of his commercial regulations. They were calculated to raise the trading, and ultimately the laboring classes, to their true position in the eyes of the public ; they were incomplete, perhaps evil ; but surely they were a step beyond the old iron feudalism ; and if our age be, as we claim, in advance of the Middle Age, then was the legislation of St. Louis superior to that of his predecessors. Philip Augustus had done much to break down the baronial power ; but in doing this, he warred as chief of the barons, and nothing that he did was calculated any more to abolish the woes and wrongs of feudalism than the subjection of the barons of conquered England by William the Victor and Henry Plantagenet. Louis, on the other hand, unconsciously, through sheer love of right, and aided, urged on, guided, by those who had whetted their intellects on the Pandects and the history of Roman despotism, sapped the foundations of Teutonic law and Papal unity, — two things which he revered ; — and laid the basis of modern despotism, — a thing he dreamt not of, and would have hated. England was saved from this eddy of absolutism against individualism, partly by the strong hold which the early Norman monarchs had over the nobles in the midst of a conquered but unquiet people, and partly by the formation of a middle, Cedric-the-Saxon class, which were neither Robin-Hood outlaws, and so short-lived, nor easy Athelstanes, with bull-necks bowed for the yoke. England withstood the transition from feudal lawlessness to modern, industrial law, by the power of her country gentry, and their offspring in the cities and boroughs, — all of good, substantial German make ; France — impulsive, mercurial, Celtic, Romanized France — gave up Teuton barbaric freedom, and put on the straight-jacket of revived imperial rule, as easily as her Gallic ancestors had bent to the sword of Cæsar. Rome conquered Gaul, but never Germany ; the lawyers of the time of Louis the Ninth — the spiritual progeny of ancient Rome — reconquered the dwellers in the Gallic provinces, but were repulsed by the tough Teutonic Hampdens and Cromwells of the isle of Hengist and Horsa.

And now the great work of Louis was completed ; the

barons were conquered, the people protected, quiet prevailed through the kingdom, the national church was secured in her liberties. The invalid of Egypt, the sojourner of Syria, had realized his dreams and purposes of good to his own subjects, and once again the early vision of his manhood, the recovery of Palestine, haunted his slumbering and his waking hours. And from that land, so dear to him, came news of greater and greater terror and interest to the Christian world ; the Mamelukes were exterminating its inhabitants. In 1267, the king of France convened his nobles at Paris. He sent to Joinville to be present ; but the worthy senechal excused himself, on the ground that he had an ague ; the king, however, would not listen to excuses, and assuring him he had physicians who could cure any ague, prevailed on his old comrade to appear at the capital, though why he was summoned he knew not. On the twenty-fifth of May, however, all was explained. In the great hall of the Louvre, Louis, bearing the Crown of Thorns in his reverent hands, met his nobles, and announced to them his purposes. Weak almost to fainting, too weak to sit a horse or ride even in a carriage, worn to a shade by fasts, penances, and vigils, — but with an eye expressive of the undaunted and tireless soul that upheld him, he, first of all, resumed the cross ; then his three sons bound themselves to the crusade ; and then, unable to resist so firm and self-forgetting a spirit, lords and knights, many a one. But though all admired the disinterested heroism of Louis, not a few blamed his rashness. The pope tried to dissuade him ; Joinville opposed him ; his councillors pointed out the danger to his kingdom ; his family wept at the prospect of his loss ; his clergy grumbled at the idea of increased taxes. But the hero of the cross had not taken his resolve rashly, and no slight obstacles could stop him ; he felt his end drawing near, and his heart ached to beat its last in the service of Jesus. Through three years, calmly, consistently, and with a prescience that he should not return, he prepared all within and without his kingdom for his departure ; provided for his children ; began his paper of instructions to his successor ; and named those who were to act as regents. At length the appointed time came ; with bare feet he made his last visits to Notre Dame, to the tomb of St. Denis, assumed the staff and wallet of the pilgrim, and bowed before the holy relics in adoration.

On the sixteenth of March, 1270; he left Paris for the seashore ; on the first of July, he sailed from France. The sad, sad story of this his last earthly doing need not be here repeated. Led, we scarce know why, to sail to Tunis ; without wishing it, involved in an unjust and useless war with the Moors ; delayed by the tardiness of his able but abominable brother, Charles of Anjou ; and seeing daily his army melt away beneath the heat of the climate, thirst, hunger, pestilence, and the Moorish arrows, — it was but too certain that the last of the crusaders was drawing near his end. From his resting-place, the castle of Carthage, Louis could look out upon the burning sands of the shore, the molten sea, the sky of burnished brass ; he could watch the southern winds sweep the sharp dust of the desert into the camp of his followers ; could behold the African horsemen hovering around his devoted troops, destroying every straggler. Leaning with his thin, feeble hands upon the battlements, he looked toward the bay where floated the ship in which his favorite son lay sick, stricken by the plague which was consuming so many ; which even then had fastened upon the king's own blood. With tearful, anxious, yet patient and confiding eyes, he watched the vessel just moving in the roll of the bay under that August sun, and prayed to God and Jesus that his son might live, and his brother quickly come. His prayer was not granted ; on the third of August, the Count of Nevers died ; on the eleventh, his death was told to his father ; on the morning of the twenty-fifth, the fleet of Charles of Anjou had not yet appeared. Meanwhile the poison in the veins of the monarch had through twenty-one days been working, and none yet knew whether he would live or die. From his sick-bed he had sent messages of comfort and resignation to the sick around him ; on his bed of weakness and pain he had finished those advices to his successor which should be engraved in adamant, and given to every king and king's son to grow better by. “ Hold to justice,” such are some of his words, — “ be inflexible and true, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, and sustain the cause of the poor until justice be done him. If any one has to do with thee, be for him and against thyself. Beware of beginning war, . . . . and if it be begun, spare the church and the innocent. Appease all quarrels that thou canst. Procure good officers, and

see that they do their duty. Keep thy expenses within bounds."

So passed the closing hours of the French king. During the night of the twenty-fourth of August, he asked to be taken from his bed, and laid, unworthy sinner that he was, on a bed of ashes. His request was complied with; and so he lay, his hands crossed, his eyes fixed upon the suffering form of his Saviour, until some three hours after the next midday. Those who sat by, and saw how breath failed him, drew the curtains of the window to admit the slight breeze that curled the waters of the bay, and looked out, carelessly, into the August afternoon. Afar off, a fleet was just coming in sight, the long-expected fleet of Anjou. With beating hearts they knelt and told the royal invalid on his couch of ashes; but his ear was deaf, his eye lifeless, his jaw fallen.

Make ready your spices to embalm his body, poor, threadbare garment that it is! And issue your bulls to embalm his memory as a saint, for as such already his name is aromatic in the mouths of men! Truly a saint; not faultless, — neither was Peter; not intellectually omnipotent, — neither was John; not an overturner, — he would render Cæsar's dues to Cæsar, God's to God. We have said he was no radical; perhaps we erred; there is no truly radical, root-reaching reform that does not flow from the infinite in man's heart and conscience; the finite, in his mind, is much, but always superficial, not radical. Glory to Louis the Ninth! glory to all who have reformed as their Master did, from the centre outward! Let him be Saint Louis, the Holy Louis, the divinely enlightened Louis! And let us of Protestantism weep that it is so hard for us to raise our true and noble men, our heroes and earthly saviours, our Eliots, Hampdens, and Cromwells, Washingtons and Jays, into saints also, for ever to be revered.